

The Yazoo City Herald

VOLUME 43

YAZOO CITY, MISSISSIPPI, FRIDAY DECEMBER 11, 1914

NUMBER 22

THE LITTLE BOY WHO DIED.

(By Jennie N. Wheelers.)

The Christmas stockings, waiting, hang
well-filled above my head.
Across the hearth the Yule-tide fire
sends fourth its cheery glow.
Beyond the curtained door-way, from
each soft, and snowy bed,
I hear the children's slumb'rous breath
rise tremulous and low.
Tomorrow must not hold for them a
shadow to annoy,
But for a weary while tonight may
sorrow with me abide,
And every tender thought be given
unto the little boy
Who shares no more these earthly joys
—the little boy who died.
Amid this wealth of gifts and toys,
alas! none are for him,
But underneath his picture I have
placed with loving hand
A fragrant bunch of violets, the while
mine eyes are dim,
Perchance if he looks down from Heav'n,
he can but understand
How they awaken memories of one as
pure and sweet;
The light falls on his pictured face,
soft-cheeked and merry-eyed,
I hear again his laughing voice, the
patter of his feet,
And feel the swift caresses of the
little boy who died.
He shares no more the child-iron's mirth,
their happiness and glee,
But in that fair and mystic land, safe
on the Savior's breast,
He hears the angels' anthems ring in
heavenly harmonies,
And share with them eternal bliss.
Ah, rarely that is best.
Best for the spotless soul that went
so early back to God,
Best for the youthful heart by woe
and anguish never tried,
Best for the tiny feet that ne'er a
thorny path had trod,
And yet we grieve without him here
—the little boy who died.
Dear Lord, who as a little child in
Bethlehem's manger lay,
The seasons bringeth joys, but grief
creeps oft-times near her side,
And shadows many an ingle-nook e'en
on Thy natal day.
Send the sweet balm of comfort by
Thy angels far and wide.
Somewhere a home is desolate, some-
where a mother weeps,
Leave Thou Thy peace upon those
hearts this blessed Christmas-
tide,
Who miss from out their guarded
flock that one the Shepherd keeps,
And mourns, perhaps, as we do, for
little boy who died.

Christmas Spirit

I am a mysterious thing; the most
powerful, most kindly influence in the
world.

Unseen, unheralded, I slip into the
palaces of kings; softly I glide into the
peasant hut. I linger in a billion
hearts; I inhabit a thousand lands.

Sorrow, indeed, is the land that knows
me not.

I bring a greater happiness to all
who are happy; I assuage the misery
of the miserable.

I am the inspiration of a million
tender thoughts, the reminder of a
million happy memories.

Benevolence, humanity mark my
passing.

I tug at the heart-strings and loosen
the purse-strings.

I sway a nation as I sway a child.

And, ah, the children, how they love
me! Were I not, what heartburnings
would there be; what a pitiful void in
the dream world of prattling child-
land!

I am the hallowed incarnation of
their pretty imaginings; I am the ma-
terialization of their dream castles.

I am, I was, I shall be, until the
end of the earth.

I am supreme; I am necessary to
the peace of the world and the happi-
ness of mankind. For I am the per-
sonification of "Peace on earth and
good will toward men."

I am universal, all-powerful, all-
pervading.

I am the Spirit of Christmas.

—Commercial Appeal.

"See What Santa Brought Me"



A CHRISTMAS LESSON.

(By Mrs. Nolan B. Harmon.)

Where in deep shade of forest glade
a little holly grew,

A pine looked down to say with frown:
"For nothing good are you!"

I proudly grow for the fire's glow, for
buildings tall and fair;

My lifeblood flows to check men's
woes, for uses everywhere!"

And the old oak, just to provoke the
little holly tree,

Would often sneer and say: "How
queer so small a thing can be!

You good-for-naught, your thin limbs
ought to be as strong as mine,

That can equip the stoutest ship that
sails the ocean brine!"

The chestnut, too, that nearby grew,
cast many cruel slurs,

And shook with pride on every side,
to show its swelling burs.

And thus they railed, thus all assailed
that one poor little tree,

Who kept quite still and waited till its
lifework it could see.

There came a day (as come it may to
waiting man or tree)

When children came with loud ac-
claim, and full of Christmas glee.

The pine they passed with footsteps
fast, nor gave the oak a glance;

The chestnuts grim in winter's trim,
it did not stand a chance!

The children raced with happy haste,
and searched with eager eye,

But stopped to see the holly tree, with
loud exultant cry.

"The very thing!" their voices ring,
and lo, their keen-edged blade.

With single blow, laid holly low, and
bore it from the glade.

O, envy then seized all the glen, the
holly's pride to see,

For none could doubt the children's
shout: "O, here's our Christmas
tree!"

On stalwart sleigh was borne away
the tree to mansion hall;

With lights it beamed, with gifts it
gleamed, admired by one and all.

Each girl and boy was filled with joy,
and loud their laughter rang;

In lightsome glee, around the tree,
they Christmas carols sang;

And children poor, near mansion door,
came in for sight and store.

Their eyes grew bright, for such a
sight they'd never seen before!

The Christmas went, and life was
spent for little holly tree;

"Twag cast aside, and withered, died,
outside the mansion lee;

But in its death, with faintest breath,
ere life quite went away,

It softly sighed, with joyful pride:
"I truly lived a day!"

We have discerned the lesson learned
from little holly tree.

In humble spot, in lowly lot, there's
work for you and me!

If we can smile our little while, or
brighten someone's way;

If we can cheer this world so drear,
we've truly lived our day!

The Family Man.

(Judge.)

When for my flock I purchase lids—
I always advertise for bids—

And see how much they cost, by thun-
der!

Old Hydra seems a headless wonder!

And when I'd glove them—I declare—
The total gets my goat for fair!

Those glove men in such debt ensnare
us,

I think each child is a Briarus!

But when in shoon I would insert them
For fear the winter frost might hurt

them,

The mammoth clot of kale I need
Makes each one seem a centipede.

—Strickland Gillilan.

Would you be at peace? Speak
peace to the world.

Would you be healed? Speak health
to the world.

Would you be loved? Speak love to
the world.

Would you be successful? Speak
success to the world.

For all the world is so closely akin
that not one individual may realize

his desire except all the world share it
with him.